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Agricultural.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A Visit to the Stock Farm of Hiram Walker & Sons, at Walkerville—Plowing by Steam—Recently Imported Stock.

While Mr. Hiram Walker, head of the firm of Hiram Walker & Sons, was in England the past season, he selected and sent over to his farm at Walkerville a steam plow and its accessories. It arrived recently, and learning that it was to be at work on Friday last on the stock farm, in company with Mr. W. S. Penfield, the well-known dealer in agricultural implements and machinery, we started for the scene of operations. The field in which it was at work contained about 45 acres, in an excellent state of cultivation, the soil being rich and mellow, and the land free from stones or stumps. A portable engine stood on each side of the field, and the plow, or rather plows, for there were four arranged the same as ordinary gang plows, were drawn by a wire cable from one side of the field to the other. The engines were powerful ones, heavily made, but easily managed, and were changed readily as the plowing progressed. The plow was a large frame divided into two parts, shaped something like the hand trucks used around railroad depots for trucking baggage. To each end of these frames were bolted four plows, pointing towards each other. When one set of these plows is at work the other set is in the air. Arriving at the end of the furrow, the frame is caanted so that the set heretofore in the air is lowered to the ground, which raises the others, and the machine travels back over the field. The soil was somewhat wet, but the machine moved quite rapidly. The average depth of the furrows was about five inches; but Mr. Swann, the manager of the farm, said the usual depth plowed was eight inches. The work was fairly well done; not however, equal to that of a hand or sulky plow. It must be remembered, however, that it had just been started, and would probably do better when its proper management was fully understood. Mr. Swann put its average day's work on such soil as on this farm at from 15 to 18 acres. To run it five men are required, namely, two engineers, two men to follow the plow, and a man to keep the engine supplied with water and fuel. It looked as if, in such land as it was working in, six plows could have been used as easily as four, and thus add 50 per cent to its capacity. On large fields, entirely free from stones, stumps, and other impediments, it will probably pay well; but on farms where small fields are preferred, such as is always the case where mixed husbandry prevails, such machinery would be useless. In the large wheat fields of the northwest the system would have a chance to succeed, and were it introduced would probably become quite general. Mr. Walker says in England it is proving a success among large farmers, saving from one-half to two-thirds the expense of hand-plowing. To his extensive marsh farm, which he has recently been draining and getting into cultivation, this system will prove well adapted.

Leaving this field we walked over to the stock barns to see some imported stock which has recently arrived from Europe. Among these were fourteen young cows and heifers of the Polled Angus breed. They were all in the stable, the day being cold and bleak, and we had a chance to handle them. Their black color and hornless heads do not possess one in their favor, and the farmer accustomed to the Shorthorn, Hereford or Holstein would hardly feel satisfied with them unless their superiority could be plainly shown. They resemble the Galloway so closely that it requires an expert to distinguish between them, and we think he would frequently find it difficult. They are finer boned, are generally smoother and cleaner limbed, than the Galloway, the result of more care in breeding and feeding. They

RIVERSIDE STOCK FARM.

Being desirous of visiting the largest breeding establishment of the kind in the State of Michigan, and Mr. Levi Arnold, its proprietor, being aware of the fact, he kindly met us at the depot in the village of Plainwell, Allegan Co., and drove us over a level expanse of country for one and a half miles to his house. The drive was a pleasant one, the road being well gravelled, the farms passed under good cultivation, and the houses and buildings in first-class order. On reaching the farm we were introduced to Mrs. Arnold, and the hospitalities of her elegant home were extended to us during our stay.

Previous to looking over the stock we made a few reportorial inquiries, and found that Mr. Arnold was born on this farm; that his father settled upon it about 1832, when all the surroundings were wild and unleared. As we look around to-day we can see what civilization and its attendants—industry and economy—have done here. The farm of 540 acres is of sandy and lightish gravelly soil, of that class known as oak openings, almost entirely level with the exception of one slight elevation running across the entire farm, and making a splendid place for the buildings that are now upon it. The house, which was remodeled last year at an expense of \$3,500, is a large two-story frame, very complete in plan, and finished and furnished on a scale commensurate with the farm and its surroundings. The new barn and carriage house, erected this year at a cost of \$2,300, 40x50 feet with 24 feet posts, is one of the best we have seen. It bears on its front elevation the legend "Riverside Stock Farm," thus advertising to every passer-by its name and the business of its owner.

We find the farm to be very productive, yielding in one field pointed out to us 87 bu. per acre of oats, and largely of corn; but this being an off year the crop of corn is comparatively nothing, compelling its owner to buy at least 3,000 bushels of it to feed the

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that we find in pen, yard and field. This is the stock we came to see, and we find it in profusion. Our first point of observation is the pigery, which is one and a half stories high, 34x60 feet of frame, well built, with an alley running full length through the centre, and the pens arranged on each side, which are simply used as feeding places. They are cleaned every day, and have an outer yard front each with grouted pavement. These are also cleaned thoroughly every week. We

are smaller in size than the Short horn, Hereford or Holstein, but resemble the first named in the shape of the hind-quarters, being very square built and well filled out. In rib, back and loin they are very good, and back of the shoulder they equal anything we have ever seen. Their shoulder points are well covered, and their breadth between the fore legs is remarkable. We should class them as very excellent beef-makers, but poor dairy cattle. In size they are not as large as is generally required by farmers in this State, but as they are very low on the leg they will probably show up well on the scales. There are a number of bulls yet in quarantine, 16, if we remember correctly, but none have yet arrived.

Next we looked at two fine Shorthorn heifers, which came over at the same time, and a yearling bull. The bull was very long bodied, low on the leg, and with a head showing a strong preponderance of Booth blood. We did not learn how any of these were bred; but the heifers we consider remarkably good ones.

Then we had a look at some Jerseys, two cows and a bull. The latter is a fine animal, solid color, well marked, fine head and horn, and showing good breeding. The cows we did not fancy so much, their colors not being such as would suit our breeders. They are said to be well bred and good dairy animals.

The dairy herd of Shorthorns were then looked over, and they were in fine shape. One large red cow Mr. Swann pointed out that he had been testing for milk. She gave an average of 63 lbs. of milk per day—32 in the morning and 31 in the evening, on regular feed. A number of these were pointed out that were deep milkers, and appearance certainly indicated it. One cow had two calves sucking her, and she was giving all they wanted and keeping in good condition herself. Mr. Swann says he is more than ever in favor of the Shorthorn for the dairy as he gets a chance to compare them with other breeds. He had about a dozen nice heifer calves in the barn from these cows.

The horse stock was also looked over, the stallions all being in winter quarters and showing rugged and vigorous. The three Percherons, Romulus, Marquis and Victor Hugo, were loose in box stalls with a paddock in the rear of each. The effects of the recent fire, in which a number of fat cattle perished, were to be seen in the village, and Mr. Swann is pushing forward the erection of his brick stables as fast as possible, to give descriptions separately of all that deserved it. We will only add, therefore, that this herd has been bred from the best strains of blood, and with the best results. We see here small heads, thin, drooping ears, short, full arched necks, broad, deep shoulders and sides, wide, straight bellies, flanks that are well down, well sprung ribs, even in color, dark with white points and few spots. In those of a younger age and growth we notice models of beauty and form that will be of value as breeders when placed at the head of herds. Mr. A. has kept his strains of blood pure, and has spared no expense in doing, as he has visited the homes of great stock in Ohio and purchased regardless of price when he found what he desired.

Not content with the breeding and improvement of the Poland China, he has also done something in American Merino sheep, having some 32 registered ewes and 11 rams, all of well known stock; and he lately sold to Mr. Doane the three year old ram Bismarck that sheared 34 10-16 lbs. of wool of 374 days growth,

He has also a good herd of those little parlor beauties, the Jerseys, which is headed by the fine three year old bull Duke of Tanglewood 6838, sired by Gylbin 2600, dam Nippikit 7317. We also saw the Young Earl of Riverside 8420 sired by the Duke of Newton 6313, dam Etta Dew Drop 15161. Among the females one Etta Dew Drop 15166, sir Nonumber of Newton 3177, dam Dimple Dew Drop 18162, in calf by Duke of Tanglewood; also Hettie Dew Drop, Bessie Brenda, Drina W., Fairy of Riverside, Mistletoe, Brenda of Riverside and Gold Spray, all registered, and Golden Horns, Bright Eyes, Amber Horns, Fashon, Cleopatra Althea 560, and Modjeska, etc. These animals in this herd are solid in color, fine in make up, and among them we see some that are strikingly good.

As we look around over the farm and its stock we are satisfied Mr. A. is on the road to prosperity, and he tells us that much of it is attributable to his judicious advertising; his largest sales he places to the credit of the MICHIGAN FARMER, in which he has advertised for many years, and from which he has derived his largest returns. Two full days were spent at this place looking over the stock and surroundings, visiting and strolling along the bank of the Kalamazoo River, by which this farm is bordered.

Our visit to this place gave us a new idea of the importance of the stock interest assuming in this State, and much of this is owing to such men as Mr. Arnold, and the energy and judgment they have brought into the business of stock breeding. With very pleasant recollections of Riverside, and its host and hostess, we took our departure for Detroit, much pleased with our visit. Rowan.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

Whirling and whizzing along at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, over the L. S. & M. S. R. R. on our way to Kalamazoo, we yet have plenty of opportunity to see the varying scenery as we rapidly pass forest, field, village and city, with plenty of time to think of the vastness and glory of this bright land, with its diversified climate, its fragrant spring, mild heat of summer, glorious and luscious autumn with its ripened fruits, and the healthy bracing air of our Michigan winters. Our rivers of waters that chill at the pole and warm at the equator, our lakes that swell into oceans; mountains that form a girdle around a continent, peaks of grand and startling magnitude, prairies of untold breadth, destined to yield their fruits of grain in the future to millions in the old world, all invite us to contemplation and study. But the "big village" is reached and we are met by Mr. Orrin Snow, and with him ride over a pleasing country for five miles to Oak Lawn Park farm, which is very rightly named. The residence is located upon a hill slightly sloping to different points of the compass, with plenty of oak trees that shade the lawn, and protected by a park of the same from the fierce western blasts. The house is a large frame building of modern construction and design. The farm comprises 603 acres, with 500 improved, is rather rolling, very productive, but diversified, being well adapted to both wheat and stock raising. The barns are large but rather old in style; the carriage house 30x40, and the horse barn 30x40, in rear, both erected the last year, are all that can be desired. The latter has a basement full size beneath for the storage of manure, thus not losing any of it by exposure to rain, storms, etc. This farm has been the home of Mr. Orrin Snow for a great many years, and he has placed it under thorough cultivation. He kept nothing however, but graded sheep and cattle. Some four years ago his son Millie became infected with a desire for thoroughbred cattle, he and his father, under the name of O. Snow & Son, made their first purchase, the Shorthorn cow Miss Argyle 4th, from her breeder Wm. Curtis & Son. She was sired by J. E. B. Stuart 6900, dam Miss Argyle, by Duke of Argyle 6539, tracing to imp. Young Mary by Jupiter 2720. She is a Young Mary and a large red cow that has tipped the beam at over 1,700 lbs. Although now past her prime, being nearly eleven years old, she is still a first-class cow in every respect, and no easier keeper ever stepped on a farm. She has proved herself an excellent breeder, one of her sons having stood at the head of a fine herd in the western part of the State, and her two-year-old daughter, now on the farm, is a fine heifer with a back equal to that of her dam, and remarkably full in the croup. At the same time they also purchased Lucy 21st by Glaston 19860, dam Lucy 16th by Duke of Wicken 14130. Duke of Glaston was by Louisa's Duke of Geneva 14786. Duke of Wicken was by Cherry Duke (25753). Lucy 21st is a White Rose, and a large strong cow, but has done little in the way of increasing the herd, having bred a bull calf every year. Miss Argyle 4th had a bull calf by her side. She was sired by J. E. B. Stuart 6900, dam Miss Argyle, by Duke of Argyle 6539, tracing to imp. Young Mary by Jupiter 2720. She is a Young Mary and a large red cow that has tipped the beam at over 1,700 lbs. 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Horse Matters.

SWEENEY.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
In your issue of November 20th is an editorial under above heading that criticizes a prescription of mine for sweeny in the Ohio Farmer. The cause of sweeny in this case was freely explained in the inquiry, and I was not advising blindly when I prescribed caustic balsam. You say there are various causes for atrophy of the shoulders, such as injury to foot or leg, or the shoulder itself, and that it is only the effect of a diseased condition of the limb. To this we would say, treat the effect, restore the parts to their normal condition and there will be no disease or lameness. That is what caustic balsam has done in hundreds of cases, and what it will do when properly used. You say the muscles of the shoulder will naturally shrink from disease caused by disease or lameness. If a horse is kept in a stable for a length of time, prevented from exercising, are we to understand that his muscles will shrink and shrivel? If a man gets a leg broken, will the sound leg become atrophied, as the result of disease? We say no, and are able to prove it. The theory is at fault. The mashing of a blacksmith's finger will not produce atrophy of the shoulder. Any old woman would treat the finger, for there is nothing wrong with the shoulder. Sweeny is usually caused by a sprain of the muscles, outside of the shoulder blade, and the proper treatment is friction, mild blisters or electrical exitation. We assert that for this purpose no remedy known can exceed the one you criticize, as demonstrated in scores of cases cured by it. It excites the circulation, drawing the life-giving blood to the parts to feed, strengthen and develop. Did you ever treat sweeny of the shoulder by blistering, poulticing, firing, scotching, or blowing any part of the foot, leg or shoulder save the sweenied part? What was your success? If a horse receives a bullet-shot into any part of its muscular system, am I to go to the gun at the cause, to treat the case? You say if the shoulder is shrunken find the cause. In the case you criticized, were we told that hard pulling did it. Now shall I take your advice and treat the collar, the harness, the loaded wagon or the driver, or all of them together? No, we have the effect—sprained muscles and consequent atrophy, and I treat accordingly the parts that show where the disease lies. The remedy prescribed will cure this trouble whenever properly applied.

G. STEWART, V. S.
CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 24th, 1883.

The above was received in reply to a short article in our last issue on a little paragraph found floating in a western live stock paper. That paragraph did not give any explanation of the cause of the trouble. If it had stated that it was the result of a sprain of the muscles of the shoulder, no fault could have been found with the recommendation of the application of a counter-irritant in the shape of caustic balsam. But it did not. What we objected to was the misleading character of the item as quoted. We had never seen Dr. Stewart's article. We intended to point out that sweeny may arise from a variety of causes, and requires different treatment in different cases. We do know of a case of shoulder lameness—sweeny—caused by the insertion of a seton in the frog of the foot, and after the shoulder had been treated with irritants unsuccessfully. Would the Doctor treat the shoulder in such a case? Since our article appeared we have received the *Breeder's Gazette*, in which we find the following on this very point:

"Shoulder lameness of horses is not of nearly so frequent occurrence as is generally imagined; but sometimes the difficulty in ascertaining the real seat of lameness, when situated in the foot, has occasioned ignorant smiths to refer the complaint to the shoulder, and the poor animal has in consequence been doomed to undergo the painful operations of blistering, firing and rowelling. It is of considerable importance, therefore, to be able to distinguish sprains of the shoulders from other ailments. Mistakes will seldom occur if attention is paid to the following symptoms: When a horse is lame in the shoulder he drags his toe along the ground, from inability of the muscles of the shoulder to lift the foot from the ground. If he lifts the foot high the shoulder will not be much affected. Walking down hill he catches up the leg with considerable quickness. He will frequently stumble on going up hill, and will make a shorter step with the lame leg than with the other. He goes equally lame on soft or hard ground, which is not the case when the lameness is in the foot. In shoulder lameness there is no difference in the temperature of the two fore feet."

Feeding Carrots to Horses.

The value of carrots as food for stock, and especially for milch cows and horses, is a subject which has been frequently dealt with in works of agriculture and agricultural magazines and newspapers, but caution is considered necessary in feeding to horses as shown by the following extract from *L' Agriculture*:

"The carrot is excellent when employed as a tonic for old horses in order to purify and strengthen the blood; but its use is dangerous for young horses, and especially for stallions. It gives them too much blood, makes them nervous, irritable, spiteful, or vicious when at work, and predisposes them to apoplectic fits if they do not take enough exercise. Geldings and mares might not be particularly liable to inconveniences of this nature, nevertheless, in all cases carrots should be given with the greatest moderation to horses of less than ten years of age. For horses past this age they may be harmless and with oats may constitute a valuable article of food. Horses eat them with avidity, especially when they are mixed with coarse bran. This diet gives horses new blood, which seems to restore their youth. Unfortunately, the carrot is not to be had all the year round. We need not regret this, however. An article of food the effect of which is so powerful is only valuable when employed for a time. Its prolonged use is of no good; for the body can get accustomed to everything, even to the most violent medicines. The carrot might be very appropriately called the regenerator of old worn-out horses."

A horse which has been improperly treated, is fatigued, thin, and exhausted, improves visibly when fed upon this generous diet. But if those who have the care of the animal are not careful to let it take regular exercise, or to take a little blood from it, or better still, administer a strong purgative, they will find that, just when the embolism and vigor begin to be noticeable, the horse is seized with apoplexy, and perishes when it appears to be completely made over again and fit for use."

A Celebrated Case.

It seems probable that Michael O'Connor, of Galesburg, Ill., is not related to the celebrated Charles O'Connor. He says: "Samaria Nervine cured me of dyspepsia and general debility."

Farm Matters.

NOTES FROM SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

Farmers hereabouts are, as a rule, well prepared for winter.

"Billy" Bristol, one of the best horse trainers in the State, is driving some fine-looking teams on our roads, the property of Dewey & Stewart. Mr. Bristol understands handling a horse perfectly and is having good success as a trainer.

L. W. & O. Barnes, of Byron, have an unusually fine lot of fall pigs, from their best breeding stock. These gentlemen have some of the best Poland China pigs in Michigan and are perfectly reliable to deal with, as all who have had any dealings with them can testify.

A number of fine draft stallions are now owned in this county and as a result some well built grades are now coming into use. This is a good step for the farmers and we hope to see more of this kind of horses in Shiawassee. Indeed few counties in Michigan can make a better display of horse flesh than can this country.

The Jersey bull Shikassee, exhibited at the State Fair by J. T. Moxley, has been sold by that gentleman to Mr. Vangorder, of Bennington. "Shia" will long be remembered by Jersey exhibitors at the last fair.

Mr. J. A. Armstrong is doing a fine business with his Scotch colts this fall. The following notice from the *Poultry Monitor* speaks well for Mr. A.:

"We have recently purchased from Mr. J. A. Armstrong, of Owosso, Mich., the fine Collie bitch, 'Lucie,' one of Mr. A.'s breeding bitches, and added to our breeding stock of Collies. She came through in good condition and we are well pleased with her. Mr. Armstrong is one of the most reliable breeders of Collies in America; he has bred them for nineteen years and his customers in all sections of the country report perfect satisfaction and fair treatment at his hands."

Messrs. C. Hibbard & Son, of Bennington, had the misfortune to lose a fine heifer calf, sired by Will Boyden's Cruikshank bull, and out of the cow they bought at the Lansing sale this fall.

Poland-Chinas in Michigan.

M. Stewart, of Wichita, Kansas, who is regarded as an authority on hogs, has been making a visit among the breeders of Ohio and Michigan, and from a report of his trip in the *Livestock Indicator* of Kansas, we extract the following reference to some of our Michigan breeders of Poland Chinas:

"As the visit to the St. Louis fair was only the minor part of our programme we resumed our journey, and passing through Chicago called a hal at Kalamazoo, Mich., rested a night and bright and early next morning were on the way to Richland, bowling over the road at an eight miles an hour gait, behind one of the best team in the city. At Richland we called upon the veteran breeder of Poland-Chinas, Mr. C. W. Jones, whom I regret to say we found in very ill health—a circumstance that detracted much from the anticipations we had indulged in. Mr. Jones has long been recognized as one of the most skillful and reliable breeders of the Poland-Chinas in America. His sterling integrity and the ability he has brought to bear on all questions affecting the interests of the breed, has made for him a reputation enjoyed by few other men. Square dealing is the only tag that will win in the long run, and from frequent business transactions with him I have never known him to descend from this self-same standard. The demand for his stock this year has depleted his herd of young things, and the condition of his health and a frosted corn crop induced him to part with many valuable animals of age, but still retains the cream of his herd, with Tip Top, a yearling, at the head; and a noble animal he is. Returning to Kalamazoo we took the train for Plainwell, to see what we could see on the farm of another celebrated Michigan breeder, Mr. Levi Arnold. Mr. Arnold has a farm of 500 acres under a high state of cultivation, lives as a breeder of thoroughbred should live—like a prince. He breeds Jersey cattle, Merino sheep and Poland-Chinas till you can't rest. He is what my friend Campbell deems a 'ruster,' and the man that gets ahead of him must crawl out mighty early in the morning. He has the most extensive herd of breeding swine we saw in our travels, and taking its size into consideration, the best. A frosted corn crop forced him to go to Chicago for corn (Kansas corn we presume) where he told us he had laid in 3,500 bushels.

"From Plainwell we took a straight shot southward for Somerville, Butler County, Ohio, where the real Simon-pure Poland-China nabobs manage to exist. We found a nest of them here and the cleverest set of men, one and all, I ever met. The weather was simply superb, the blue grass and white clover under the influence of recent rains and warm sunshine were as pleasing to the eye as a basket of flowers; and the swine, all of one color and one color, looked sleek and mellow as they nipped the fresh herbage in their 20 acre lots; and why not?

"In this locality the breed originated. Close by were men who claimed to have knowledge of the first cross made, 40 odd years ago. A bonanza of far greater value than the Comstock lode was unexpectedly struck; for I can only view the formation

of this grand breed of swine in the light of an accident; were it otherwise this chronicle would be as explicit to day as those of the Bates herd of Shorthorns, or the Lord Western Essex."

Bay of Quinte Barley.

Bay of Quinte barley, it is perhaps superfluous to say, enjoys a continental reputation as the best and brightest produced in America. The reasons why this is the case are not apparently understood, and perhaps are not wholly explicable. A very intelligent gentleman of this town, who grows a large quantity of the grain on his several farms, thinks the nature of the soil has much to do with it. The Quinte region clay is of a darker hue than that of most of the Province. The rock formation on which it rests is a limestone more crystalline than the limestone of the Niagara formation. It seems not improbable that the soil elements are such as to favour the growth of barley to a degree surpassing that of any other soil equally rich and equally favorable for vegetation in general. Climatic influences—not well understood—are also, there is little doubt, important factors. The great barley district of the Province lies along the north shore of Lake Ontario and within forty miles from the coast. This lake belt produces four-ninths of the whole crop of the Province. It is a remarkable and suggestive fact that throughout the whole of the district the summer rainfall is less than in other parts of the Province and in New York State where the temperature conditions are equally favorable. Excessive moisture, particularly when the grain is ripening, is, as is well known, the cause of that discoloration of barley which, whenever it occurs, lowers the value of the grain for malting and brewing purposes.—*Toronto Globe*.

A Rat-Proof Corn Crib.

In a late discussion of the Oxford (Ohio) Farmers' Club, reported in the *Ohio Farmer*, a member gave the following description of a rat proof corn crib on his farm:

"Mr. Bonham said his crib was not on posts, nor had he ornamented the sides with old tin cans and cans, nor was it defiled with rats within. He has double cribs with a driveway between. The frame is extra strong, set on a solid stone foundation, fifteen inches above ground. The sides slope outward one foot in twelve. The lath siding is oak, three inches wide, one inch thick, and one-half inch apart, running up and down, not horizontal. This arrangement keeps sides dry and makes ascent of rats more difficult and unloading corn more easy. If the rain beats against the side the water drops from the eaves and does not enter the crib, and soon begins to gain in milk. He thinks he got about as much profit from the crop as if it had been devoted to the original intent."

This president of the Elmira Farmers' Club tells the *Hubbardian* that his crop of sorghum got caught by the frost, and too much injured to be of value as a syrup-producing substance.

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Horticultural.**Alaskan Fruits.**

Thomas Meehan, editor of the *Garden's Monthly*, who has been traveling in the extreme west and northwest, writes a pleasant letter from far off Alaska, of which, except so far as geographical situation and seal producing are concerned, most of us know little. Of the fruits of this American Ultima Thule he says:

"The wild fruits of Alaska are very varied. I will not give the botanical names with certainty, as, at this distance from books of reference, I may not identify them correctly. The crab apple has ovoid fruit, about the size of a medium cherry. I could not learn that it was used, except in the form of a preserve. I found the Alpine strawberry, *Fragaria vesca*, just over the boundary, in British Columbia, and I suppose that it is also common in Alaska. But there is another species I have never collected before in the United States, with dark shining upper surface to the leaves, and silvery white beneath. The stems supporting the cluster of fruit are of immense length—eighteen inches in one instance—and the fruit depressed-globose, and pale, say greenish red. I suppose it is the Chili strawberry. The raspberry here most prevalent is the Salmon berry, but though a raspberry botanically, the flavor is precisely that of our blackberry, not as good, however, as a first-class Lawton. A singular fact is that while our raspberries and blackberries are normally black or red and sometimes change to salmon (white)—here the normal color is salmon and the exceptional changes red. In some places the red departures are not uncommon. There is a species of blackcap raspberry here which has quinate leaves, sometimes five-leaved arranged in a pinnate manner. Perhaps it is *R. leucodermis*. The fruit is about the size of our best blackcaps, and to my mind the best wild fruit in the territory. A white flowered species, probably Nutkanus, resembles our flowering raspberry (*odoratus*) and the fruit is of about the same quality. The common blackberry has a much smaller fruit than ours, with the leaves gray like the Blackcaps; I suppose it is *Rubus ursinus*. There are numbers of species of currants, two of which of the black currant class are much prized. One of these is very strong. In Pyramid Harbor, near the mouth of the Chilcotin, I came across a plant that was ten feet high; the leaves were as large as luxuriant Concord grapes, and the racemes of fruit six inches long. The Indians pound the fruit up, with what I suppose to be grease, and dry in cakes. Then they take a piece, put it in water and whip it up, when it looks like purplish ice cream. They seem very fond of it. There are many species of wild gooseberries—one with very large fruit—fully as large as the best English gooseberries, and the surface so clammy that a large berry will almost stick to the hand without falling to the ground. They are deep red, and very tempting. I tried to taste one, when a strong flavor of formic acid told me I had eaten an ant with the berry. I found numerous insects all over the berries afterwards. I can imagine that a leaf may have these glands for the purpose of catching insects to use as food—but what a ripening fruit wants with such a covering is more than I can tell. It keeps insects from eating them."

"Bears abound here, and they are very fond of gooseberries, as I myself can testify to, by seeing one black fellow daintily pulling the branches down with his claws, and picking them off with his mouth. This was a small black gooseberry, as large as a pea—but these clammy fruited kinds were loaded where bears abound, so I suppose they are not touched by them. The flavor is not much to boast of—something like a cactus fruit. There are several kinds of bucklerberry, and a cranberry. The bucklerberries are fair. One with a bright coral-red berry, *Vaccinium parvifolium* perhaps, is extremely ornamental, but not as good to eat as the others. The Salal berry is *Gaultheria shallon*—Shallon being the name as originally pronounced, or supposed to be pronounced by the Indians, among whom it was first found—though "Salal" is the name they use now. Our *Gaultheria procumbens*, or "Teaherry," has an aromatic taste which this has not. Indeed, it is slightly acidulous; and does not seem to be a favorite among the bears. They like sweet things, and a lump of white sugar is a capital lure toward the bear trap. Usually this *Gaultheria* grows but about two feet high, but in some parts of Alaska, I saw them six feet or more high, and making dense thickets, through which it was impossible to pass. I found a few bunches of the Amelanchier—the June berry, or Indian cherry, as large as our best huckleberries, quite as good and just as black—on the borders of British Columbia, and I suppose it penetrates to Alaska also. A wild cherry also is in the Dominion which may go to Alaska."

"This was all the real fruit I saw wild, though there are numerous berries and fruits eaten by the Indians."

Botany for the People.

Prof. C. E. Bessey, in the *American Naturalist*, in reviewing Edward Step's "Plant Life," published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, says:

whether B could be held criminally, judging from what is stated in the above letter. But if it could be clearly shown that B. designedly and with intent to defraud or cheat A., falsely pretended that he had possession of the note, or made other false pretences, and thereby induced A. to pay him the money, he could be held for receiving money under false pretences. HUBERT M. SNOW.

Another Line Fence Problem.

DENTON, Nov. 4, '83.
To the Law Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—Please give an answer to the following question: A. and B. join farms. B. lets his farm to C. who works said farm on shares. The line fence is poor, and C.'s horses break through and damage A.'s crops. Now who is responsible for damages, B. or C? The part of the fence which the horses got over belongs to B. to build. SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER.—As the statute on fence and fence owners declares that the respective occupants of land inclosed with fences shall keep up and maintain partition fences, I should judge that C. would be responsible to A. for the damage done by his horses. Any agreement between B. and C. as to who should keep up B.'s share of the partition fence would not affect C.'s responsibility to A. HUBERT M. SNOW.

District Schools.

MARSHALL, NOV. 12, 1883.
To the Law Editor Michigan Farmer.

If it is not out of your way to answer the following question through the MICHIGAN FARMER, I would like to ask you whether I would be entitled to send my children to a district school in which district I own land and pay taxes, but do not live (living in the district adjoining) without paying for the privilege, other than the taxes I pay. Yours,

NORMAN COWLES

ANSWER.—Section 19 of chapter III of act 184 of Session Laws of 1881 reads: "The district board may admit to the district school non-resident pupils, and may determine the rates of tuition of such pupils, and collect the same." As no distinction is made anywhere in the statute, which is intended to revise and consolidate the school laws previously enacted and to repeal those acts controvenging the provisions of this act, between the non-resident pupils sent to school by those paying taxes in the district or those sent by persons who do not pay taxes in the district, I should judge that all would have to pay tuition determined upon by the school board. Possibly the school board might reduce the rates of those paying taxes in the district, but it seems to be left to their discretion. HERBERT M. SNOW.

"Rough On Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete permanent cure. Corns vanish, bunions.

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A GOOD FAIR FOR SALE

Sixty-four and one-half miles south of St. Louis, Mich., has 75 acres, good soil, 10 acres of timber, fine-class two-story house, good barn, a stock stable, a large henhouse, all kinds of choice fruits, good water, both at house and barn. This is a fine farm, well located, and in every way suitable for selling, want to go South. Address 1 POST OFFICE BOX 155, Vt., Louis, Mich.

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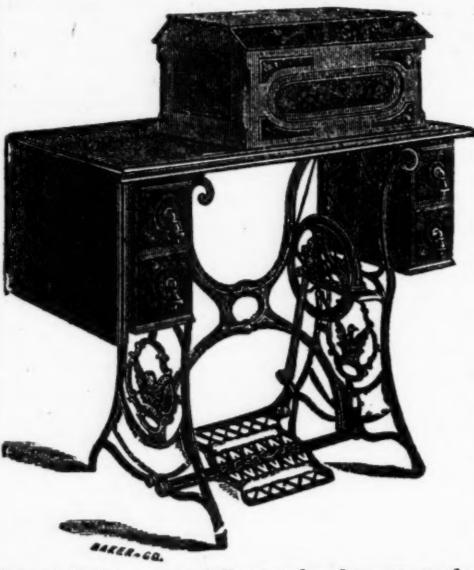
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shop until it has been fully tested and proven to do perfect work. This machine has a very important improvement in a loose balance wheel, so constructed as to permit winding bobbins without removing the work from the machine.

The LOOSE BALANCE WHEEL is actuated by a solid bolt passing through a collector securely pinned to the shaft outside of the balance wheel, which bolt is firmly held to position by a strong spiral spring. When a bobbin is to be wound, the bolt is pulled out far enough to release the balance wheel and turned slightly to the right or left, where it is held by a stop-pin until the bobbin is filled. Where the machine is liable to be meddled with by children, the bolt can be left out of the wheel when not in use, so that it can not be operated by the treadle.

The Thread Eyelet and the Needle Clamp are made SELF-THREADING, which is a great convenience to the operator.

THE BALANCE WHEEL is handsomely finished and nickel plated.

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ALL THE STANDS HAVE

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The Stands have rollers in legs and the Band Wheels are hung upon self-oiling adjustable journals. Each stand is run up by steam power after it is set up until it runs very smoothly. The stands are made of cast iron, selected style and finish of machine being the most desirable for family use.

We furnish the Machine complete as shown in above cut, and include the following attachments, &c. One Johnson's Foot Ruffler, one set Hemmers, one Tucker, one Foot Hemmer or Friller, one package Needles, six Bobbins, Screw Driver, Can of Oil, Extra Check Spring, Extra Throat Plate, Gauge Screw, Wrench, Instructions.

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2. They add great value to the dairy.

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5. They add to the fertility of the soil by the excretion of all kinds of animal feed.

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Poetry.

AFTER THE HARVEST.

The scythe is rusting in the tree,
The rake lies broken on the glade;
The mower, in a reverie,
Is stretched at ease within the shade.

A goodly man the mower is,
With sinews tough as twisted rods;
A form of manly grace is his,
A head as trenchant as a god's.

A man of thought; the harvest o'er,
Its heat and triumph left behind,
He rests, and gives himself once more
To pleasures of the heart and mind.

Such pleasure! Ah, the glorious skies—
Their happy deeps, their lines, their forms
That float, are wonders to his eyes;
He glories in their fires and storms.

The sweet green earth he deems most fair;
He knows her moods of ease and toil;
He walks abroad, and everywhere
Sees blushing springtime from the soil.

The woods and pastures near and far,
To him their secrets yield; he knows
The sky spots where the berries are,
The corner where the sweet mint grows.

His friends lie on every hand,
In earth and cattle, bird and bee;
And he is wise to understand
The language of the flower and tree.

The free air and the light he quaffs
Are turned to sunshine in his veins;
His speech is cheer, and when he laughs
Great nature's joy is in the strains.

For him the cloud shall break and pass,
And show behind the shattered bars
The splendor of its fields and grass,
The glory of the sky and stars.

UNTOLD SORROWS.

A face may be woful white
To cover a heart that's aching;
And a face may be full of light
Over a heart that's breaking.

'Tis not the heaviest grief
For which we wear the willow;
The tears bring slow relief
Which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be burdens born,
Though friends would fain bind them;
Harder are crosses worn
Where none save God can find them.

For the loved who leave our side
Our souls are well nigh riven;
But ah! for the grave we find,
Pity, tender heaven!

Soft be the words and sweet
That soothe the spoken sorrow,
Alas! for the weary feet
That may not rest to-morrow.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Miscellaneous.

AN IDEAL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Age comes to some people only like the wider opening of the rose, the gentle drooping of the creamy outer petals; and one need thinks of this in looking at Mrs. Fernalde. "I have had my three-score and ten," she used to say. "I have had all that nature has to give, and now I am living on grace." It was a sunny spirit that informed her, a lightness that never let the substance of a tear penetrate beneath the surface that could endure nothing but happiness. Her unfailing good nature was like a fairy wand that smoothed every trouble out of her way and out of the way of every one about her. If her hair was white, no great sorrow had made it so; and its contrast with the soft brilliancy of a black eye and the velvet flush of a cheek unwritten by many lines, made her perhaps as lovely as one standing in all the full radiance of youth. As for Mr. Fernalde—tall, dark, spare—he was by no means unattractive, and his courtly manners had a unique elegance. He loved his ease, and annoyances, when they chanced to break through the magic circle his wife drew about him, vexed him, as they usually do a nervous person. For the rest he was one of those men who, having led a singularly fortunate life, maintain to themselves a fancy that they have just missed the last stroke to make the crystal complete, who have a vanishing ideal always just beyond sight and reach. The Fernaldes were neighbors of ours. Wealth required no exertion of them, and advancing age secluded them in some measure from general society; their home was always cheerful; they were always in it; and if there had been no such person as crabbed old Mrs. Talliafero, who had spent the last six months with them, it would have been hard to see how heaven itself could be much improvement on it. However she was going at once, and then where would be the crumple in the roseleaf?

They loved young people. "The new generation lends us a part of its freshness," they used to say. They always welcomed any of us, and indeed made me so particularly conscious of their flattering favor that I spent a good portion of my time with them, threaded the sweet little lady's needles, read and wrote more or less for Mr. Fernalde, and was gradually taken into their confidence in a way I did not deserve, since I am about to violate it.

"Could I imagine a happier old age than this, my child, with my wife, my health, my flowers, our bird and pets and friends?" he said once, repeating my question. "Why, yes, my dear, it was much happier before my wife brought Mrs. Talliafero to stay with us. Some old school-mate or girl friend of hers, I don't quite know whom, for the fact is she netted me on the first day she came that I wouldn't ask Rosalie a word about her, for fear I should show my displeasure at her having brought her home when she turned up. It is astonishing how an invisibly small thorn will destroy your equanimity. And then this woman has a quality that would turn honey into vinegar, I do believe. She has changed our quiet, peaceful, sunshiny life, that seemed like one long day in June, into a sharp, raw day in November. There is something very rasping about her. I don't see what my wife invited her to spend such a season with us. I wonder if she thought that at the end of the time I should press for a continuance?

My dear, I have counted the days—it sounds so sadly against all hospitable rites—I have counted the days till I should see her consult a railway time-table, as she did yesterday, about going home to-day. I believe she is not in affluent circumstance now. I would be glad to meet the expense of boarding her at Buckingham Palace if that would keep her away! I am speaking strongly. Yes, Rosalie," looking at his laughing wife, "I know you say too strongly. But it is argument, assertion, contradiction, differing, bickering, finding fault with the servants who have suited us half a lifetime, questioning the expenditure, disordering the arrangements from one day to the next. Think of it, when she comes into my study and declares that my wife has the patience of the play to endure such a den of disorder in her house. She wonders that I do not wear a scratch. She warns me of indignities, she threatens me with nightmares, she reminds me of my age, she interferes with my pipe! And then she wants so much fresh air! Thank heaven! her time is up to-day, and my wife will not invite another guest for a half year without giving me time to arrange a residence elsewhere! And such a voice, too! When one hears it, one longs for the proper infirmities of age that dull the hearing—sharp as a file, piercing as a locust's whirr! What are you laughing at, Rosalie?"

"Ah, you are not quite just, my love," said the sweet little old lady. "Mrs. Talliafero has a fine mind. She is really waking us up. She prevents our sinking down into a jelly-like existence, as so many of our age do. She keeps us bubbling."

"There, there, there, my dear! Don't say another word about your Mrs. Talliafero! Go and spend a season with her at Saratoga, if you ever want to see her any more. I'll go to Richfield. Bubble! She'd make sulphuric acid bubble out of the sands of the desert! I've no doubt she worried Talliafero, poor man, into the grave! But there, I've said too much," he added directly. "I beg your pardon, my sweet, if I hurt your feelings about an old friend, but really—Now, Rosalie, my love, if you don't care to go over these accounts, our young friend will." And then Mrs. Fernalde tripped off with as light a foot as a girl of seventeen, and I drew up the great folding-screen around our chairs, stirred the fire a little, and took pencil and paper to add up the figures Mr. Fernalde was to read out to me.

But Mr. Fernalde was in a brown study for a little, and I let him stay.

"It was strange you should have asked me that question, child," he said at length. "I used, at your time of life, to imagine a very different old age from this, if I may so call that imagination; for, in fact, old age never entered into my calculations. I imagined nothing about the passage of time, only of the continuance of a condition. And that condition was the perpetual paradise of Alicia's smiles."

"Rosalie, you mean," said I.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fernalde shortly. "I mean Alicia."

"Alicia, who, when I was twenty, was the light of my eyes and the loadstar of my life."

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Of course you don't, of course you don't. I've half the mind to tell you, though. It's a long time ago—a long time and no harm done. One is perhaps a fool at seventy," said Mr. Fernalde presently again. "I'm not quite eighty. One is certainly a fool at twenty. I was at any rate; but I didn't know it, and I walked in a fool's paradise. And to be a fool and not know it! Is there, on the whole, any farther paradise?"

Pretty, pretty as a peach!" he began again, after another pause. "Ah! that sounds to us now like profanity. That heavenly fair face! those eyes like the stars in a blue midnight! that smile of exquisite innocence and purity! I used to tremble before her sometimes as before some young saint stepped from a shrine—one that I dared to desecrate by loving. Ah, how I loved her! The sight of certain flowers brings her back to me now! When the apples are in blossom that pink and white snow, that ineffable delicacy of perfume, calls her before me like a revelation! There are times when this eternal smoothness of things in my life palts on me—times when I cannot bear the sound of evening bells coming across the water. So renewes for me that evening—that evening when I lost her—when I lost her if I found Rosalie!"

"You lost her, then?" I said, to break the silence that followed.

"I will tell you. The two were inseparable. If I walked or rode or sailed with one, the other was not far away. Rosalie was a little gay, tormenting sprite; Alicia was a pensive saint. It was Alicia's home; her father was a man of wealth and Rosalie was visiting her. Rosalie had no home, no fortune; she had just finished school and was to be a governess, dreading it as a butterfly might dread being broke to harness, dreading it all the more for this glimpse of luxurious life in her friend's home since school. I myself had a fortune in my own right, and had been guilty of the follies of most of the *jeunesse dorée* of that period, which, if comparatively innocent, were troublesome enough to the authorities of my college to need discipline, and I was passing a year of most unhappy rustication in the place adjoining Alicia's home. Never shall I forget the first moment in which I saw Alicia running down one of the creaky aisles with her white garments fluttering about her, and her fair head bent over the branch of apple blossoms in her hand. If lightning had fallen, the revulsion that seized me could not have come more quickly. I seemed to be changed in a twinkling, to have been borne into another planet. I felt as if sunshine had pierced and penetrated once impetuous gloom. When I fell asleep in the grass of that orchard, and woke with that heavenly creature bending over me, I rose only to walk on air. The little brown face of Rosalie, with its carnations, with the glint and glance of its great brown eyes, with its flood of brown curls that had a touch of gold on them, with the glittering teeth of its beautiful laugh, was just over her shoulder, but I merely knew

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

Bon-Mots of Talleyrand.

I saw it by remembering it afterward. She was only shadow to me in those days; and as I, too, was only Alicia's shadow myself. She lived and moved in some exalted atm., sphere, to my perception. She does now. Her father wore the front of Jove; I could not say that he did not carry the thunder. I felt myself a mote in the broad beam of their sunshine, as though I were something hardly visible in their large range of vision, as if it required an effort to make myself perceived by them. I hesitated to make the effort—I worshipped from afar. When she spoke to me my heart beat so I had hardly voice to answer; when she touched my hand it thrilled me through and through. And I asked no more. I thought of no more for awhile than just to continue so forever; to see her from my window walking under the long aisles of the low-branched orchard, like some medieval picture; to walk beside her sometimes; now and then to venture reading from the same page with her; now and then to be her partner in the dance. Then Rosalie should be about with me, riding here, strolling there, walking to church, reading with the old pastor, in whose charge was a fiction I was studying, and so, in a way, studying with me—that was all a matter of commonplace; she was sweet, she was fresh, she was charming. But what was all that when an angel was in the room?

"One night I was on the gallery just outside their drawing room, looking in at the long window, and Alicia was singing. Ah, how delicious was that voice! The cherubim and seraphim who continually do sing, if I ever hear them, will not sing so sweetly. I wonder to whom that voice is singing now! Beside her, that night, was this scamp who had come to the place more than once, a proud, commanding fellow in his undress uniform, a man whom her father plainly intended she should marry. I can see the scene now—such a voice, too! When one hears it, I've been a fine jest," she cried with her low laugh, "to think that you should not have recognized Alicia in all these weeks and months!"

Mr. Fernalde was silent for a few moments, looking at the sweet little lady before him, with her color like the half-tarnished rose, with the soft brilliancy of her placid smile. Then he crossed over the rich and dimly-lighted room full of purple shadows, the air laden with the scent of flowers; Alicia in her white drapery, more mystical, more beautiful, more holy, as she sang, than if revealed in the glow of her beauty; outside the violet depths of the sky, and the moon just falling, like some great golden flower, low in the west; and as Alicia's voice became silent, a choir of bell-tones coming far and wide across the water, like echoes of her song in heaven. My heart swelled with a fulness of rapture; life seemed too rich, too sweet, too sacred; and then I saw that man stoop and kiss her brow. The action turned me to stone for a moment, till he came sauntering to the window, and I knew no more what I was doing than that bronze Perseus would if he moved. I lifted the hand that had seemed stone, and as he passed me I struck him on the mouth, the mouth that had done the profanation."

And Mr. Fernalde was quiet a little while.

"And that was the end of all things," he resumed. "The fellow laughed at me for a mad boy. Her father launched one of the thunderbolts and forbade me the house. What a stricken day and night of wretchedness! what week of hopelessness, of annihilation! But perhaps Alicia felt otherwise, Why should I not discover? Why should I suppose she had any other sympathy with that creature than the sympathy of the star and the worm? And if my glad adventure were true, why then we could fly from these places that should know us no more; the world was before us, heaven's gates were open to us. And I wrote, my hand trembling at its sacrilegious daring, just a dozen lines, without address, without signature. She would know what it meant. And I sent it by the person's boy. And I waited for her, lying on the grass beneath the orchard trees, in the deep gloom just glided by the influence of the unseen moon. There came the rustling of garments, the tripping of a foot; my heart beat, my eyes grew dim. Was it she coming up behind me, as I lay lifted on my elbow, kneeling and putting her arms about me, raining swift kisses on my face?—wild, sweet kisses in that shadow; wild, passionate whispers in that silence. And then a great pang smote me, and I rose and went out with her into the less dim darkness—and it was Rosalie.

"She never knew," said Mr. Fernalde.

"She does not know to day, that I died that night. I can't say how I lived through those moments even. They were but moments she had stolen away. She had to return at once. We parted at the foot of the mock orange walk, and I went to my bed and lay there in a trance of despair. Perhaps sunlight brought some relief. The person told at the breakfast table the news that Alicia was betrothed to the army officer I had seen over the hedge. I wrote a word, saying I was called away, and I was gone a week or more. But in that blank I must have something to love me—to have an interest in. Better Rosalie than the absolute negation of those days. She thought nothing of my absence after my return. She was as full of romance as a rose of nectar. And, to sum it up, if she was not the rose, she had lived with the rose. Once we married, and hero we are. A long life, a happy life!, and I have never regretted the day in it that I made her my wife. After all, one cannot marry among the angels—clay must mate with clay. What do you say? Not love, my child? You never were more mistaken! I love her tenderly, absorbingly. She is a perfect woman—she has been a perfect wife. She has made me calm and completely happy. If once in a while the old hope, the old dream of a passion arises and sweeps before me in its bloom and light, it is because it means youth to me—that youth which we do not know till we are old—is itself the ideal that it holds up for worship. Yet perfect as my wife is, fifty years of this smooth life with her wear something of the commonplace, and if across their dead level of plain content sometimes gleams the shining of Alicia's face, it is not in any disloyalty to her. I often wonder what became of the lovely creature. Once I could not have spoken of her. At seldom times, when I sit alone in the gloom, and gaze at her face, with the glint and glance of its great brown eyes, with its flood of brown curls that had a touch of gold on them, with the glittering teeth of its beautiful laugh, was just over her shoulder, but I merely knew

Seward as a Lecturer.

Ben Perley Poore tells the following in the *American Cultivator*:

Gov. Seward was a good story teller, and some of the best things in his repertoire were humorous incidents in his own eventful life. One of these narrated his first experience as a public lecturer in a free course, given in the Methodist church in a small village in Western New York. His announced subject was "Poetry and the Fine Arts," and he was delighted, on entering the church, to see that nearly every seat was occupied!

He was shown to the pulpit, where he found an old man, dressed in black, sitting near the desk, as if to divide the honors with him. He proceeded with his lecture, which was liberally interspersed with quotations from the poets, which the audience received with satisfaction. Not so the old gentleman in the pulpit, who testified his dissatisfaction with loud coughs, sniffs, indignant looks, and even an occasional groan, all of which were incomprehensible to the lecturer, who supposed he had made his selection with taste. When, on further illustration of his theme, he quoted the "Witches" scene from "Macbeth," the curse of "King Lear," and a stanza from "Don Juan," the old man could stand it no longer. Rising with an air that riveted the attention, he advanced and said in tones of outraged feeling:

"Forty long years have I been a preacher of the Gospel, and what I have to say is that if this we have heard to-night is not a good sermon, it is a blunder!" Charles Butler, an English writer, in speaking of that reply, says, "We are happy to believe that such an expression was never uttered by an Englishman, and that it could never be heard by an Englishman without disgust." Here is one that we can smile at: A gentleman one day, in Talleyrand's presence, was delivering a somewhat glowing panegyric on his mother's personal beauty, dwelling upon the subject at an uncalculated length. Those who heard became tired, but the man was wealthy and they bore with him, albeit he in his own face gave but little token of having had beautiful parents. Talleyrand, however, gave him his quietus. As the gentleman closed a grandiloquent period on his mother's marvellous beauty, said the minister, quietly, "It was your father, then, apparently, who may not have been very well favored." The company were bored no more by that person. Rulhier, an author of considerable repute, once said in Talleyrand's presence, "I never did but one mischievous work in my life."

"Pray, tell us," said Talleyrand quickly, "when will it be ended?" "She is utterly insupportable!" said Talleyrand, in speaking of a lady well known to him. And then, as though he would take back a little of what he had said, he added apologetically, "However, that is her only defect." He was the man who said, only three months previous to his death, "A Minister of Foreign Affairs must possess the faculty of appearing open, at the same time that he remains impenetrable; of being in reality reserved, though appearing perfectly frank." —*Bow Bells.*

Securing Engagement Rings.

Engagement rings are the natural sequences of the summer campaign of the Yellowstone Park is larger than the States of Delaware and Rhode Island put together. It is situated on the borders of Wyoming and Idaho Territories, and was set apart for a national park in 1872, though its striking characteristics were discovered ten years before. It is sixty miles long from north to south, and 55 miles from east to west. It has a number of mountains, ranging in height from seven to ten thousand feet, capped with snow all the year, and full of geological curiosities. Volcanoes and glaciers were evidently in operation there at a late period. The roads run throughchasms and gorges, and over the beds of streams now dry. The greatest variety of wild animals is there. There are buffaloes in the basins, and elk graze on the mountain sides. Moose haunt the marsh and heavy woodlands. Six species of bears inhabit the forests, and small game abounds, though reptiles are few and far between. Two-thirds of the area of the park is clothed with dense forests of fir, spruce, and pine. Chokecherries, gooseberries, and currants, both black and red, grow along the streams. The meadows are bright with familiar flowers. Pasturage is excellent. The nights are frosty even in summer; very hot days are seldom known, and the winters, though snowy, are not severely cold. The most remarkable features of the park are its calcareous springs, whose deposits harden into terraces as they dry and glisten in the sunlight. The waters are hot and seethe from below with angry aspects. There are many immense geysers, the earth around which rumbles and shakes, and the air is hot with fetid odors. There are springs of boiling mud—white, orange, green, violet, purple, brown and blue. There are also hot springs, with openings at the top, whence issue clouds of noisy steam. There are petrified forests, where the ground is strewn with trunks and limbs of trees which have solidified into clear, white agate. There are mountain sides worn by glacial action into spectral shapes that look almost human. There are cataracts of the most stupendous majesty and power. There are cratered hills, with rocks all around, that are warm to the touch and hollow to the tread. There is a natural bridge to rival that of Virginia. In describing the hot springs of the Yellowstone Lake, Mr. Wisner says:

"Seldom are the water and the deposits of any two springs alike. There are coral, honeycomb, basin-stone, pebble, scale, and crystal formation, the whole making kaleidoscopic groupings of color and design. Down in the limpid depths of many of the springs are grottoes and arch-like structures. One dazzling white pool—the very type of purity, entrances the visitor who stands, with wondering eyes, to look far down below upon what may only be likened to a resplendent fairy grotto of frosted silver encrusted with pearls. Another crystal, clear, and colorless basin has a rim blazing with hues of sapphire, opal, ruby, and emerald—still another pool, full to the brim, has the corals and vegetable fossils to consist of farinaceous food and vegetal remains; a sauce made of prunes, boiled and sweetened with honey, is an excellent remedy."

In dangerous cases apply an injective of milk and honey, having the temperature of the blood, about 97 deg. or 98 deg. Fahr.

Suppressed Perspiration.—Taking cold barley soup sweetened with honey, drink before retiring; or oat-meal soup with honey, drink warm.

Asthma.—Grated horseradish mixed with honey, one tablespoonful taken before going to bed.

Consumption.—Physical exercise, especially horseback riding before breakfast, the body to be rubbed thoroughly with a warm cloth, night and morning; a bedroom, an upper storeroom, with a winter open day and night; retiring and rising early; main diet to consist of farinaceous food and vegetal remains; fordrinking nothing but milk and honey; mixed half and half, either warm or cold.

Croup and hoarseness.—A gargoyle made of sea tea, sweetened with honey, or pills made of mustard flour and honey.

Whooping Cough.—A decoction of wheat bran mixed with milk and honey, drunk frequently, gives relief.

Worms.—Before breakfast take a table-spoonful of honey, or a tea made of poppy seeds sweetened with a spoonful of honey.

MCARTY'S PENSION CLAIM.

"Are you the pension claim agent, whose name is down there on the door? Well, my name, sir, is Terrence McCarty, An' I'll put me hat down on the fire While I tell you me business. Tim Murphy, He's a neighbor of mine, sir, is Tim, His jilt got his plowin' an' I, sor, Did the book of the swearin' for him. These plowmen are very convenient, An' they're almighty to git, too, you see, So I thought I'd take one meself, now, As we have Tim do the swearin' for me. So many are thryng for plowmen. That I thought I thyt it a whack, For somehow, in leppin' the bounties, Bedad, sor, I hurried me back."

Inter-Deo.

Playing Circus.

The circus came through our town three weeks ago, and me and Tom McGinnis went to it. We didn't go together, for I went with father, and Tom helped the circus men water the horses, and they let him in for nothing. Father said that circuses were dreadfully demoralizing, unless they were filled with animals, and that the reason why he took me to this particular circus was that there were an elephant in it, and the elephant is a Scripture animal, Jimmy, and it cannot help but improve your mind to see him. I agreed with father. If my mind had to be improved, I thought going to the circus would be a good way to do it.

We had just an elegant time. I rode on the elephant, but it wasn't much fun, for they wouldn't let me drive him. The trapeze was better than anything else, though the Central African chariot race and the Queen of the Arena, who rode on one foot, were gorgeous. The trapeze performances were done by the Patagonian Brothers, and you'd think every minute they were going to break their necks. Father said it was a most revolting sight, and do sit down and keep still Jimmy or I can't see what's going on. I think father had a pretty good time, and improved his mind a good deal, for he was just as nice as he could be, and gave me a whole pint of peanuts.

Mr. Travers says that the Patagonian Brothers live on their trapeze, and never come down to the ground except when a performance is going to begin. They hook their legs around it at night, and sleep hanging with their heads down, just like the bats, and they take their meals and study their lessons sitting on the bar, without anything to lean against. I don't believe it, for how could they get their food brought up to them? And it's ridiculous to suppose that they have to study lessons. It grieves me very much to say so, but I am beginning to think that Mr. Travers doesn't always tell the truth. What did he mean by telling Sue the other night that he loved cats, and that her cat was perfectly beautiful, and then when he went into the other room he slung the cat out of the window, clear over into the asparagus bed, and said put out, you brute? We cannot be too careful about always telling the truth, and never doing anything wrong.

Tom and I talked about the circus all the next day, and we agreed we'd have a circus of our own, and travel all over the country, and make heaps of money. We said we wouldn't let any of the other boys belong to it, but we would do everything ourselves, except the elephants. So we began to practice in Mr. McGinnis's barn every afternoon after school. I was the Queen of the Arena, and dressed up in one of Sue's skirts, and won't she be mad when she finds I cut the bottom off it? —only I certainly meant to get her a new one with the very first money I made. I wore an old umbrella under the skirt, which made it stick out beautifully, and I know I should have looked splendid standing on Mr. McGinnis's old horse, only he was so slippery that I couldn't stand on him without falling off, and sticking all the umbrellas ribs into me.

Tom and I were the Madagascar Brothers, and we were going to do everything that the Patagonian Brothers did. We practiced standing on each other's heads at a time, and I did it pretty well, only Tom he slipped once when he was standing on my head, and set down on it so hard that I don't much believe that my hair will ever grow any more. The barn floor was most too hard to practice on, so last Saturday Tom said we'd go into the parlor where there was a soft carpet, and we'd put some pillows on the floor besides. All Tom's folks had gone out, and there wasn't anybody in the house except the girl in the kitchen. So we went into the parlor, and put about a dozen pillows and a feather bed on the floor. It was elegant fun turning somersaults backward from the top of the table; but I say it ought to be spelled somersaults, though Sue says the other way is right.

We tried balancing things on our feet while we laid our backs on the floor. Tom balanced the musical box for ever so long before it fell, but I don't think it was hurt much, for nothing but two or three little wheels were smashed. And I balanced the water pitcher, and I shouldn't have broken it if Tom hadn't spoken to me at the wrong minute. We were getting tired, when I thought how nice it would be to do the trapeze performance on the chandeliers. There was one in the front parlor and one in the back parlor, and I meant to swing on one of them, and let go and catch the other. I swung beautifully on the front-parlor chandelier, when just as I was going to let go of it, down it came with an awful crash, and that parlor was just filled with broken glass, and the gas began to smell dreadfully.

As it was about supper time, and Tom's folks were expected home, I thought I would say good-bye to Tom, and not practice any more that day. So we shut the parlor doors and I went home, wondering what would become of Tom, and whether I had done altogether right in practicing with him in his parlor. There was an awful smell of gas in the house that night, and when Mr. McGinnis opened the parlor door he found what was the matter. He found the cat too. She was lying on the floor as dead as she could be.

I'm going to see Mr. McGinnis to-day and tell him I broke the chandelier. I suppose he will tell father, and then I

shall wish that everybody had never been born, but I did break that chandelier, though I didn't mean to, and I've got to tell about it.—*Harper's Young People.*

How He Was Wounded.

There was no game at the Thompson Street Poker Club Saturday evening. Rev. Thankful Smith was relating the experiences of the previous meeting, when with the saddened air of one who had lost his grip on his reputation, Mr. Toot Williams and the odor of a Bowery cigar entered together.

"What de madder, Toot?" inquired Mr. Smith, with the easy familiarity of a man in luck. "You looks spoudent."

"I done loss dat sixty-f' dollars I winned on de hoss race," responded Mr. Williams, gloomily.

The deepest interest having been aroused, Mr. Williams proceeded to enlighten the members as follows:

"I was standin' in a do' on Sixth Avenue, an' up comes a white man in a plug hat, an' sezee, 'Why, hee-ho, Mr. Robinson, how is yo'?"

"Bunko," remarked Mr. Smith, with the air of one who had had experience.

"Dat's what I thought," said Mr. Williams, "but I kept silent. So I sez to him; 'How is yo'?"

"I see a stranger here, Mister Robinson, sezee, an' I mus' say I never did see so many mokes togidder as dey is on Sixth Avenue. Dey's mo' mokes dan white pussons." "Oh, no," says I, "dey's mo' white pussons den mokes." "I'll bet yo' two to one dey isn't," sezee him. "All right, sez I. So off he goes, an' comes back wid a frien' who weighed about 200 an' had a bad eye."

"You had a sof' spec," observed Mr. Smith.

"Den," continued Mr. Williams, not noticing the interruption, "sezee, 'Now we'll bofe put up a hundred dollars wid dis gentleman an' stan' yr in de do. Every wite man passes he'll give you two dollars, an' every moke passes he'll give me a dollar.'"

"Well fust day comes along two wite men, an' de man wif a bad eye says dat was fo' dollars to my credit. Den comes six wite men, an' he says twelve dollars fo' mo' fo' me. Den comes along a buck niggah den I lose a dollar. Den two wite men; den one niggah; den two niggahs; den seven wite men, an' de man wif a bad eye, he say I was forty-two dollars ahead."

"De soffes' lay I ever hear," said Mr. Smith, whose eye was glistening over Mr. Williams's winnings.

"Den comes along fo' wite men," said Mr. Williams, "an' de man wif a bad eye he said dat was eight dollars mo', and den—"—he Mr. Williams paused as if his recollections had overpowered him.

"An' den" echoed everybody, wildly excited.

"Why, den," said Mr. Williams desparately, "dey comes aroun' de cornash."

"De cops?" breathlessly asked Mr. Smith.

"A niggah funeral," said Mr. Williams.

A Female Moonshiner.

Sinnie Pippin, says the Nashville American, is a yellow haired woman, tall and wiry, about nineteen years old, and weighs about 115 pounds. Sherrups in the woods with Fayette Anderson, and they live there together more like Indians than white people. As soon as Fayette gets hold of any plunder, Sinnie comes to town and sells it for him, and buys coffee, cartridges, and such things as he needs, and goes back into the woods, when they start on another expedition. Once they commit a robbery they start off as fast as they can through the woods, sleeping in the day and traveling in the night, until they get into another county or cross the Kentucky line, but always manage to get a good way from the robbery before people come to hunt for them. Anderson's plan is to meet a man traveling along the road, find out what he can by talking to him friendly like, and if he thinks the stranger worth robbing, he will take a short cut through the woods, and be waiting in the bushes when the stranger passes along the road. "Halt, and throw up your hands," is the first thing the wayfarer hears, and before he has time to collect his thoughts, Anderson has a pistol muzzle up against his temple, through him with his left and is going to shoot him.

"Then you lost by the trip?"

"Yes, kinder lost in one way, but another I got my tea for four cents a pound less than Jackson sells it, and I tell you four cents don't grow on every thistle!"

"Why do so many boys run away from home?" asks an exchange. There are several reasons. When a boy turns a grindstone for his father to sharpen an ax, and the old man bears so hard that the sparks fly from the stone, and the boy's eyes and tongue hang out in the 107,340th round, and, after an hour's turning, his arms feel as if they are coming out by the roots, and his father looks up and asks, as he throws on a little more weight, "Does it—turn—hard?" then the boy decides to run away from home and become a pirate, or a cowboy, or some other kind of outlaw.

"Teacher: "What was the Trojan war?" Bright boy: "It was the war between the Greeks and Trojans for the possession of Helen, the wife of Menelaus, who had eloped with Paris, the son of Priam."

Teacher: "How long did the war last?" Bright boy: "Twenty years."

Teacher: "How did it end?" Bright boy: "I forgot. Guess it just fizzled out."

Teacher: "And why, pray, do you think it just fizzled out?" Bright boy: "Oh, because I guess by that time the woman got so old that nobody wanted her."

WENDELL PHILLIPS was riding in a railroad car, when he was addressed by a man of such rotundity that he seemed to carry everything before him. The man asked Mr. Phillips what was the object of his life.

"To benefit the negro," was the bland reply.

"Then why don't you go south to do it?"

"That is worth thinking of. I see a white cravat around your neck, pray what is the object of your life?"

"To save souls from hell."

"May I ask whether you propose to go there to do it?"

A YOUNG man who had been assisted away from the home of the girl whose society he yearned for, wrote next day to the cruel parent as follows:

"I did not mind what you said to me, though your language was rather rough, but when you kicked me with No. 11 boot you hurt my feelings. I shall make no further efforts to win your daughter. If she inherits your style of feet, and any of your versatility as of then, I feel that I could not be entirely happy with her."

THE THREE brothers, Solomon, Jacob and Joseph Benjamin, stood in the shop discussing the day's earnings.

"I did not military goat wid golt buddons, how much, eh?" said Solomon, the eldest brother and head of the firm.

"Six dollars and a halfer," said Joseph.

"Is dot all he gif you?" exclaimed Solomon in agonized tones. "I paid sefenty-life cents for dat goat! We are ruint completely."

A TEA-SELLER who had stopped at a third-class inn, said in an angry tone to the inn-keeper: "I am a sensible man."

"I am a sensible woman," replied the inn-keeper.

"I am a sensible dog," said the tea-seller.

"I am a sensible woman," replied the inn-keeper innocently.

"Yesterday my water and I killed more than 150 of hem in your chamber."

VARIETIES.

An English officer exchanged into another regiment, bringing with him the reputation of being marvelously successful at a bet.

"Ah," said his new colonel, "he won't get any success out of me, I'll bet;" and he wrote to the fellow's former colonel, an old friend:

"We like him very much."

"Glad you do, old boy; keep him; we found him too expensive a luxury," was the reply.

One day at mess the colonel good humoredly said:

"I hear that you profess always to win a bet!"

"Well, sir, I am pretty successful that way."

"I don't think you will be successful with me."

"May I try?" asked the subaltern.

"One means."

"The man who lives a lie is like one who tries to eat the shell, but throws the oyster room."

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Peternary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Sheep, and Poultry," "Horse Training," etc. Subscribers to this journal are regular subscribers free. Forwards desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the Michigan Farmer, and to have their names and addresses accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, and the name and place of residence and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

"SWELL-HEAD."

An Exhaustive Report on this Disease to the Chicago Health Commissioner, by W. L. Belfield, M. D.

In compliance with your request I have investigated the nature of the disease commonly termed "swell-head," as exhibited by cattle received at the Union stock-yards, and have the honor to submit the following report:

I have had an opportunity to examine personally only five head of these cattle. I am informed by your inspector, Mr. Lamb, that a large number of such animals have been received prior to the commencement of my investigation, but that the number has diminished rapidly in consequence of the active measures which were instituted under your instruction for keeping the flesh of these animals out of the Chicago market. With your permission, I shall examine the animals which may be hereafter received at the yards; though since the nature of the disease is perfectly apparent from the cases already investigated, such further examination will possess a scientific rather than a sanitary value and need not delay this report. The five animals examined belonged to four different lots which had been shipped from the West; as to the exact localities from which they came I did not obtain definite information. All but one of these animals were in poor condition, their hides rough, and their bodies much emaciated. Each presented a swelling on the face, the smallest tumor being about the size of an orange (this was the least emaciated animal of the lot), the largest being about the size of an average musk-melon. In three cases the tumor was connected with the upper jaw, in one with the lower jaw; the fifth was located just below the animal's eye. In every case except the last the tumor was hard and resisting, feeling and cutting like gristle; at different points softer, semi-fluctuating spots were felt. The surface of the growth was raw and ulcerated. A little thick pus covered portions of the ulcer. Upon cutting into the mass it was seen that the greater part of the tumor consisted of hard, white material which looked like cartilage (gristle), but was discovered with the aid of the microscope to be an unusually firm connective tissue. The mass was firmly attached to the bone, so that it was not always easy to distinguish the line of separation between the two. The bone itself was enlarged and very soft, so that it could be readily cut with a strong knife; it was, moreover, honeycombed with channels and cavities containing thick pus. The grisly tissue outside of the bone exhibited cavities having similar contents. This pus the walls of the cavities, and the surface of the ulcers contained numerous yellow bodies, usually about as large as pins' heads. My first glance at these bodies raised a suspicion which the microscope soon showed to be well founded. The little yellow masses are groups of a microscopic plant called actinomycetes; the disease caused by their growth in the animal's flesh has been accordingly named actinomycosis. Since this disease has never as yet been recognized in America, and since it attacks men as well as cattle, I shall take the liberty of including in this report a brief sketch of our present knowledge of the subject. Our knowledge of the true nature of this disease, like most other recent advances in pathology, we owe to the Germans. It has long been known in this country as well as in Europe that cattle were often afflicted with tumors upon the face, which gradually increased in size and finally caused the death of the animal. These tumors were supposed to be cancer, sarcoma, tuberculous, etc., and are still so designated by veterinary surgeons in America. In 1877 Bollinger, royal professor of veterinary medicine in Munich, Bavaria, discovered that these tumors contained large numbers of a microscopic plant which grew not only on the surface but also in the interior of the mass, and permeated the bones. This discovery of Bollinger was soon fully confirmed by extensive observations of cattle by other surgeons. It was found that this particular plant was always present in these tumors. That the plant actually causes the disease is shown by Ponick, John, and others. These observers separated the plants from the tumor and introduced these isolated organisms into healthy animals. When thus inserted into the abdominal cavity, or injected into the blood of healthy cows and calves the plants flourished luxuriantly in their new abode and caused the appearance of similar tumors in these previously healthy animals.

The word actinomycosis is compounded of two Greek words signifying radiating fungus. The plant is so named because its parts radiate from a central point, like the spokes of a wheel. It is a fungus belonging to the same general family as the molds which grow upon jelly, moist bread, etc. Other plants of this family have long been known to cause several diseases of men and animals; ring-worm in children, and the mange in dogs, are familiar examples of diseases caused by fungi. Many of these require air for their growth, so that they only flourish on the surface of the body; some of them, including the actinomycetes, can maintain their existence in the interior of the tissues. The original habitat of the actinomycetes has not as yet been discovered—a lack which is quite comprehensible when we remember that the plant is of microscopic dimensions, and was discovered only six years ago. It seems to be originally a parasite upon grain, and to gain access to the animal with the food. The reasons for this supposition are: First, that this parasite has been found as yet only in grain-

eating animals—the cow, the ox, and man—second, that it usually grows in the jaws or on the tonsils; third, that numerous fungi are known to be parasitic upon vegetables—the ergot of rye is a familiar example. As has been remarked, these tumors usually occur around the jaws. It has been supposed that the parasites, taken into the mouth with the food, gain entrance to the jaw-bone through the cavities left by carious teeth. I examined the teeth in my cases. In one instance, that of an old bullock, several teeth were gone and two carious stumps were present on the side of the jaw affected by the tumor; yet I could not satisfy myself that the growth had begun at this point. It is possible that the plant grows downward between the tooth and the gum and thus invades the jaw-bone. The course of this disease in cattle is various. Some cases have been known to recover spontaneously; in others energetic treatment has, in the early stage, succeeded in arresting the disease. After the jaw-bone becomes involved, however, the growth usually causes death. In cattle the parasite usually spreads through the tissue only by continuous growth; but they occasionally gain access to the blood, and are thus carried to distant parts of the body, where they produce similar tumors. In some cases the lungs have been found thickly studded with plants presenting a picture resembling tuberculosis. Within the past four years it has been discovered that this disease attacks not only cattle and hogs but also the human species; more than thirty cases of actinomycosis in humans beings have been already reported by German observers. In man the disease presents a somewhat different aspect from that observed in cattle, and in many cases it begins as a swelling of the jaw, and it has been demonstrated that in the human animal at least the parasite gains entrance to the body through the cavities of carious teeth. In other cases the tumor appears not upon the face but upon the hand or arm; in fact, a scratch anywhere upon an exposed surface of the body seems a possible beginning for the disease in those who are compelled to handle cattle or grain. In man the disease does not remain localized, as is often the case in cattle, but rapidly spreads to the internal organs of the chest and abdomen; in many cases the spinal column also is invaded by the parasites. Hence the symptoms presented by the patient vary extremely, and often simulate those of other diseases. In nearly all cases thus far reported the affliction has been supposed to be blood-poisoning (pyemia), pleurisy, inflammation of the bowels, Pott's disease of the spine, etc., the nature of the complaint having been recognized only by a post-mortem examination. Hence it is highly probable that the disease frequently attacks human beings resident in infected districts, but is not recognized, and is called by some other name. Human beings seem to afford a more favorable soil than cattle for the growth of the plant, since in man the disease is invariably fatal. It is of course possible that if the nature of the complaint be recognized and treatment promptly adopted the disease might be just as curable in man as in cattle. The disease is contagious; that is, it can be communicated to a healthy animal by contact with one already diseased. That it can be communicated to men by contact with diseased cattle has not as yet been demonstrated, but is certainly highly probable. Whether the spores of the plant are wafted about in the air, and whether the disease can thus disseminate, is not as yet determined.

This is, so far as I am aware, the first recognition of actinomycosis in America that it is the first time in which the true nature of the disease called "swell-head," cancer, sarcoma, etc., has been recognized. The disease would appear to be quite prevalent among the western cattle, if we may judge from the fact that scores of animals suffering from it have been received at the stock-yards during the last few weeks. It is to be hoped that the importance of the matter will be recognized, and the disease investigated by stock raisers and veterinary surgeons throughout the country, for the affection is, at least in its early stages, curable, and by proper attention thousands of animals may be saved and the prevalence of the disease correspondingly limited. The question which immediately concerns the health department, as well as the city generally, is whether the flesh of these animals is fit for food. No one who might see the animals which I examined would hesitate in saying that they were in poor condition and could not furnish prime beef. It is indeed self-evident that an animal whose jaw bones are honeycombed with pus and encumbered with tumors can not be so well nourished as a healthy one. In some cases, too, the condition is aggravated by the spread of the parasitic growth to the internal organs. It may be safely said that so soon as the disease becomes firmly established in the jaw the animal deteriorates daily, and cannot furnish unobjectionable meat. That the beef is dangerous however, that there is a probability of communicating the disease to the human consumer, can not as yet be positively asserted. All attempts hitherto reported to reduce the disease by feeding healthy animals with the infected meat have failed. Moreover, the parasites are destroyed by thorough cooking, which would therefore constitute an efficient protection against these plants, just as it does against danger from that denizen of pork, the trichina spiralis. Yet actinomycosis certainly begins in the human subject in the cavities of carious teeth, which afford the parasites an opportunity to grow into the bone. Hence infected beef, unless thoroughly cooked, might possibly convey the disease to man. At any rate until time is allowed for further investigation of the subject, prudence suggests that this meat be avoided. The living animal afflicted with this disease is, of course, a possible source of danger to human beings as well as to other cattle. Yet it seems probable that this disease is not communicated through the air by simple proximity, as occurs with small-pox and scarlet fever; actual contact with the diseased flesh appears necessary for the

communication of the disease—that is, for the transfer of the parasite from one animal to another. The fact that actinomycosis has been observed on the tongues of cows suggests the possibility that they may have acquired the disease by licking the raw surfaces of other animals already suffering from it. The actinomycosis found in these animals seem to exhibit a slight difference in one respect from those specimens which I secured and examined in Germany. Two varieties of the plant are already known there. It will be decided by further study whether mine is one of these, or a new variety peculiar to America.

Cuticular Disease.

Canson Ctry, Nov. 12, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR—I have a valuable mare, four years old next spring, sorrel in color, and weighing about 1,150 pounds; she is in good condition and has a good appetite. On her neck, breast and shoulders are pimples or itching blisters. They first made their appearance in hot weather; I supposed it to be heat and did nothing for it. They disappeared until this fall. I used her on the mower and plowed with her and they reappeared, but not so bad as at first. They still remain there. Have fed a few condition powder which I procured at the drug store. At the first appearance of these blisters the legs would puff if she had exercise. She has stood in a board stable with no floor. From this imperfect description can you give the cause and a remedy?

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—There are many varieties of skin disease in the horse as well as the human family, and from so brief a description it is by chance that a correct diagnosis is made. Presuming the animal to have been in a plethoric condition, as is often the case, we would advise, by way of treatment, the following: Socrino aloes, pulv., two ounces; Jamaica ginger root, pulverized, one ounce; nitrate of potassa, one ounce; mix all together, and divide into twelve powders. Give one night and morning in the feed or on the tongue, mixed with a little water. Bathe the affected parts with equal parts of Evinco Liniment and water.

The Earl of Lytton has written six poems of considerable length for the *Youth's Companion*. They are strongly characteristic of the author of "Lucie," and are the first contributions he has ever made to an American periodical.

COMMERCIAL

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET

BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 4, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 1,790 bushels, against 2,397 bushels, last week, and 3,624 bushels for the corresponding week in 1882. Shipments, 2,604 bushels. The market is essentially unchanged since our last report. The local demand is of fair proportions, but for shipment there is little flavor taken. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice..... \$4.75 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ 50
Michigan white wheat, roller process..... 5.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ 50
Michigan white wheat, patent..... 6.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ 50
Winnipeg, patent..... 7.25 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ 50

Wheat.—The market this week has opened quiet, with neither spot wheat or futures showing any activity. After a quiet day the market closed steady at a shade higher prices than on Saturday. Closing prices were as follows on cash wheat:

No. 1 white, \$4.04; No. 2 white, 65¢; No. 2 red, \$1.04. On futures: December, \$1.04; January, \$1.04.

Corn.—The market is quiet, but the recent advance in price is well sustained. For No. 2 corn, 55¢ is paid, and for high mixed 65¢. Rejected corn was \$3.25 per bu., and new mixed at \$2.50 per bu.

Oats.—No. 2 mixed are quoted at 32¢ per bu. and No. 3 white at 34¢. The market rules very steadily.

Barley.—The market is more active, and wheat is in demand at \$1.50 to \$1.60 per cental. State barley is in poor condition this season, and most of the samples offering do not command over \$1.25 to \$1.40 per cental. Canada barley is quoted at \$1.00 per cental.

Oatmeal.—Demand good and prices steady. Pine Ohio and Illinois selling at \$6.60 per barrel.

Corn Meal.—Firm and steady at \$2.25 per ton for fresh ground.

Linen Meal.—Demand active; for Detroit brand quotations are \$1.50 per sack in retail lots, and \$2.25 per ton sacked, in one or two ton lots, f. o. b.

Apples.—The market is very quiet, but prices show no change. Small orders are being filled at \$2.00 per box.

Beans.—Inactive and depressed; pickers are quoted at \$2.00 for their best stock; unpicked are not quoted at over \$1.75 per bushel.

Butter.—No change to note. Choice is scarce, and fine creamery is quoted at \$0.925 per lb, with some sales as high as 85¢. Good fair butter with some 20¢/30¢ per lb, and low grade sum. er packed stock at \$1.025 per lb.

Cheese.—Market steady. Full cream state is quoted at 14¢/15¢ per lb, and second quality at 13¢/14¢ per lb.

Bacon.—Supply light and market price at 27¢ per lb.

Eggs.—Supply limited and market price at 28¢ per dozen.

Dried Apples.—But few offering, and those which are quoted are at 70¢/75¢ per lb.

Honey.—Quiet. New comb is offered at 18¢ per lb.

Hops.—Market firm. Receivers are offering 18¢/20¢ per lb, according to quality, for State. New York are quoted at 22¢/23¢.

Dressed Hogs.—Few were received yesterday. Prices are nominal at \$5.90¢ per hundred. Live hogs are firmer and higher.

Beefs.—Choice is firmer. Cash seed is selling at \$5.90. December 3-lives are quoted at \$5.95 to \$6.00. Timothy quiet at \$1.45¢/1.50.

Potatoes.—The market is quiet and steady with only a local demand. Quotations are 50¢/55¢ for choice early Rose.

Hickory Nuts.—In good supply at \$1.25 for shell-barks and at \$1 for large nuts.

Maple Sugar.—Quiet at 11¢/12¢; syrup, 75¢/80¢ per gallon.

Onions.—In fair demand and good supply at \$1.75¢/1.85 per lb.

Poultry.—Offerings of dressed poultry are light. Turkeys are selling at 13¢/14¢; chickens at 20¢/21¢; ducks at 12¢; geese at 28¢/30¢ per lb.

Provisions.—All pork products are higher except ham, which have declined a little. Mess and fried beef steady and unchanged. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess, oil & Detroit packed..... \$1.00 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ 50
Lard, oil & w. 14¢/15¢ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ 50
Hams, per lb..... 13¢/14¢ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ 50
Shoulders, per lb..... 75¢/80¢ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ 50
M. F. Padden sold John Devine at \$1.45.

Judson sold Webb Bros 20¢ to 21¢ lbs at \$4.40.

Brown & Spencer sold Hammon 88¢ av 184 lbs at \$4.10.

Silby sold John Devine 71¢ lbs at \$4.10.

King's Yards.

MONDAY, Dec. 3, 1883.

CATTLE.

The market opened up at their yards with a fair supply of cattle, but generally of poor quality. There was a good attendance of buyers, and trading was active until all were closed out. Prices were fully as strong as those at the Central Yards on Saturday.

Monday.—3 loads; one at \$14, \$18 and \$20.

Tuesday.—11 loads; nine at \$18; six at \$12; four at \$11.50 and \$9; three at \$10, \$8.50, \$1 and \$10; two at \$9 and \$8; one at \$10.50.

Wednesday.—10 loads; one at \$18, \$12.50, \$11, \$10, \$8 and \$7.

Thursday.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday.—3 loads; one at \$14, \$18 and \$20.

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Tuesday.—11 loads; nine at \$18; six at \$12; four at \$11.50 and \$9; three at \$10, \$8.50, \$1 and \$10; two at \$9 and \$8; one at \$10.50.

Wednesday.—10 loads; one at \$18, \$12.50, \$11, \$10, \$8 and \$7.

Thursday.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday.—3 loads; one at \$14, \$18 and \$20.

Tuesday.—11 loads; nine at \$18; six at \$12; four at \$11.50 and \$9; three at \$10, \$8.50, \$1 and \$10; two at \$9 and \$8; one at \$10.50.

Wednesday.—10 loads; one at \$18, \$12.50, \$11, \$10, \$8 and \$7.